Off the Menu

collected poems
by
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Off the Menu

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Sunday

TIME IS THE DEMIURGE

1.

time is the demi urge
on the avalanche of now
we sleep on air
like swifts
on flight to distant skies

2.

Vettone

if i were a Vettone
you would not pass through this plateau
if you came from outside

everything
this side of the south mountain is ours
you from the north are not welcome

unless you bring

your bulls to water at our river side
we do not fear your fierce charge
here we are always waiting

here we command the rock
that makes the sun & moon bow down
to our river's source comes the mighty porpoise
whose snout is turned to stone

& high on this altar view to that far cleft of hill
rests the boulder that holds the sky down still
& where none may enter without our knowing

3.

Mosaic

Outward bound

harvest bales
yellow bundles

a day's heart's blaze
camouflages the human EyE

Hay fly EyE of the fly
a pin cushion of air in spin

a darting mosaic
over
cacophony of machine
on asphalt clay

our monuments of decay

out of the absence

EyE of the fly
photoreceptorcontractor
entangling the speed of light
a mosaic out of the shadows
out of the insect & their flowers

out of the insecticide

desicated plastic
on the rusted barbed wire fencing
shattered glass in the ditch
our pink bacteria

4.

Smiley

t
h
e
serpent face
addresses nakedly
the intentional body's
growing transparency
with a serpent smile
& the gross way
we carve up
the world
into
cate
gor
ies
of
vio
lence
to
af
firm
our
hum
anity
in our abysmal rupture a prey
for the other
the living & the dead
& all that is proper to us
& what we lack
& feathery too un world
ly &
un real
un touch able
bird woman
an image of
mimesis
her lovely green
brown feathery body
our abomination

5.

Colours

gray is no one’s color by fire gray cloud
the color of the color of soldiers gray hair
heralding both blandness and doom grey teeth
rendered not in white it lingers incognito gray meme
gray the color each colour hides gray dream

a pang of mourning for all colours fall in the theory of gray
gray wars are therefore all of life when consumed by shades of gray

gray plague in this saturated world gray money
the dampness of dishwater and disappointment
gray god beneath white gray is every color
gray gods industry and uniformity emissary
gray people & their dogs in the wild black-and-white gray scrub
five hundred colors fade into a once drained leaden sky
a breath of gray beer on the wind gray joi de vive
perceives death of trees the death battleships gray sex
gray apocalypse gloaming its liminal color gray Armageddon
gray meat gray stew gray is all theory
because the world into which it is the color of gray
is the one that
is the one that

6.

Cell Was Here

CELL
was here
was
was
was
was
was
*here here here **CELL** here here*
here
was here was was was was

you are just a simulation
& i am 10 to the power bleep
a simulation more than you
let me cast you the pearls of fate
the entropy of entelechy
resource the body electric
engraved as epitaphs
on the sacrificial altar's axe
fossilised hominoid chop chop suey

***CELL** was here **CELL** was here*

7.

Litter

in the noonday sun
on this dumping ground
of the litter of the day
and the litter of our words
in their blind array
we emerge from our autism
as hunter gatherers
into this history of story tellers

& the present fiction of its collective myth
where only our rubbish will outlast us
taking longer to decompose
until plastic jelly fish
emerge from the sea
what's this rubbish they'll say
nothing to eat
but the relics of our forbearers
we'll have to eat our babies!!

8.

Zombie

menu of the day zombies v planet
aftermath
octopuses with wings over Atlantas

& today's a bellyful of macro gasolina
in your macrovan micro man

algorithms are gonna interiorise cyborgs
between the digital brain & ours
phantom vibrations
insect bot invasion
a slippage in reality
on the spars of dawns unleashed
chip infused rats in the sewers

the information tomb
dust of the milky way

in the deluge of life the scattered memories
new lives formed the selves we inhabit
from the strangers we are to the strangers we will be

& even the mighty Amazon deep winding creature
devouring jungles in her wake to lay on her dark bed
heads to oceans that turn to deserts where satellites play
at dice

9.

Slanting side show on one two three

(i)

< chintz >
day of the cars
a graze of grass sheep hedgerow making
hegemonic skyline wires cutting
clouds wonky dyke
drive in nettle eureka
stacks without smoke wrought iron window blurs a face in pastel blue
day of the crane the hill lateral just cross over chevron bypass

the high street's as empty as the daytime
everywhere's empty the out back sky trees with no leaves
noticeable about the playground sand following the big black glass
< i walk into you > a skull in the bramble picked clean by scavengers
every where's deserted there's a fence between the enclosures
blow sky don't diminish more i can scarcely keep you in here come

the imaginals watch my stick
into the -mouth- of the cave's roar
does time freeze flood or fall? profile chewed up most of that
day of the crane cleaver where's it gone oh shit rotate
a white cathedral in a city through trees
skip along moonlight through the pines hogey nifty hooded
that landscape's cheating on
the original
repetition is not completion ~~~~~~~~~~~
coming back it's still deserted

day of the crane day of the
car
hood into time spent
waiting
after the bath night lights skyline scarfed grotesque obelisks endure
on the street no one meets <first-one-last-one> fame

as we all know is an illusion day of the imaginals
hey ho the lads who went to war the fabulous life

the impossibility of it all on our daily mount moriahs
#God is silent

(ii)

<fractals in summertime>
on the periphery primroses wild in a meadow sweet straw hat
arms akimbo she he munching the same cud
day of the carnival <patterns with a dazzle> antennae
lotus versus lilies splatter the pane magic again
in a sliced frame saloon interior – where the green abounds
wind generator harvested field fern on the way she pirouettes
on air to the pond day of the pond go green at the pond
closure white mannequins in high window shot
what follows on
she poses in a garden of roses < > it's an unnatural end
cul de sac reflection deceives water lilies moor-hens
sunken branches in their shadows all in their boundary layers
of surfaces drown in shine on the peripheral horizon attendant
regard non committal stares on the edges of muddy banks
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~##
monumentals shoppers on displays by their electric coronas
ghosts mew in the park cats stray coffee table bird time
~ perch which-a-way
more monuments like embalmed sweets their shadows
carry you inside crinkly colours clipped in a mirror on a silver
stair paper float (air) boats on the glass wall art décor
paper refreshments occasion in the sacrificial accolade
save the cats time branches from perspective to artifice
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

(iii)

down river//
a glimpse instanced in a stacked stance
under the bridge cat on the roof (black) there was a plague
a multitude in pastiche heads up everywhere
old masters eternally retouched where we fade
offices to let
sitting out history on the lawn's
minions between pickets of tyranny
<as if the far side were one step>
an impossible reach not to impossibility
but to serve only ruins( )

down the strands
their glittering cones of light emptiness chimes the hour
adds a person in less than a minute
a poisoned banquet for all the ultimate consummation

bubbles surface on
the
day of the plague
above us only
bell no exit from the bus
stop.....
suddenly it's *lilac* again
a garden of your own red in tooth & claw round the corner
follow in fact either the sky or us
is it a UFO or the government?
burlesque in cartoon charade # a sufficient distortion of fact

10.

Yellow Blues

yellow dust
flights of hazes present as absent abstractions
as dawn breakings
as the ache of unfathomable memories
hauntings in a trackless desert of signs
we make believe
each moment the better to kiss it goodbye

like a butterfly
trapped beneath the sky
our entangled fate moves us only to wait the next entrapment
a seizure of happen stance dreams

as spectres of the day before its fall
and all we slay
have slain after the birth of name
across that vast indifferent drift
that once seen we trembled in awe before
the arbitrariness of fate we now articulate
in our indentured voice amidst the tumult

& how could we ask for more when before us is only wall
we splatter our graffiti on
we threw our amazed cries like spears on the fresh wind

flights of hazes in the yellow dust
present in their absent abstraction
we make believe each moment the better to kiss
it goodbye

11.

Peek a boo

We door mice in the stars
but common parlence shan't
be bartered for a bitch - that
is to say that - better a hitch
on the milkyway than desert

Sand - made to eat each
day as grail grain - we too
can peek-a-boo the flossy
lot of far aways and chase
into darken through night's

Tunnels singing out its barren
closures of centuries we have
bitten on the champ – any of us
door mice in the stars - perchance

12.

Unfinished poem

she caught me in her fatal flare
transfixing me with her stare
on air
to bewitch me in her snare
what we did between here & there
i left by the front & she by the stair
seeming to vanish into thin air ……

13.

The Drifter's Escape

Proudly the vessel sets forth
from the soft firm shore
mast errect sail full blown
streamers flowing in the wind
into the wine dark sea

Before the tumult the whirlwind spray
the storm blast the lightning strike
the echo in the abyss the shattered
fragments exploded onto tomorrow's shore
the drifts where naked feet stoop

14.

Fellini

Casanova lived & died under
the fixed stars with the elegant sperm
that animated a mechanical marionette
as time flowed back into his loins

he liked the cities bright lights & ladies
his greatest fear was to fall off
at the end of the world
but most of all he liked macaroni

15.

JJ Night & Day Day & Night & JJ Day & Night Night & Day

***O' Finnegan JJ yet today*:**
in the beginning **Adam and Eve** – The Fall: *of a once wallstrait oldparr is retaled early in bed and later on life down through all c hristian minstrelsy*. ... thunder in several world languages, including French **(*tonnerre*)**, Italian **(*tuono*),** Ancient Greek **(*bronte*)** and Japanese **(*kaminari*)** – & the word was *bababadalgharaghtakamminarronnkonn bronntonnerronn tuonnthun ntrovarrhounawnskawntoohoohoordenenthurnuk* =
100 letters word i agree *ugh! thunderstruck thunders thundering forcing force forcefully genereti*vely *O Zues mio culpa nada* on u & *do do ok not not o ho u ouna ron awmoghast want got it word abada*

bababadalgharaghtakamminarronnkonnbronntonnerron ntuonnthunntrovarrhounawnskawntoohoohoordenenthurnuk

to have read under karma number now babe ought to break rotten hound aka oohoo nuke murder bang none nueron brother wow the thouna the better thunder thumb bum dumb damn garden hero never ghost in u me them then name run out game murder better (far) lonely as the rhionocerous bababadalgharaghtakamminarronnkonnbronntonn erronntuonnthunntrovarrhounawnskawntoohoohoordenenthurnuk than i wander lonely as a cloud

Monday

SEX ON THE BEACH

16.

On the beach

sex on the beach a beverage the sign said
tucked into a snug cove
where we sun our limbs in wicker seats
with seagulls & snorklers flipper fins plashing
the glitttering sea white foam breaking chiffon on the rocks

we blip a 1,000 selfies on the jelly roll fleshly
nubile spawning shore
biologically hacked biologically raped
under a celluoid blue sky buffet on plastic mariscos
before we drift off towards our yellow beige
alabaster domed cupolas
our palatial hotel chateau to enter its catacombs
bathed in golden light like holographic silhouettes

at night rats will scourge the waterfront promenade
festooning rubbish bins neglected either by
white linen underpaid immigrant blacks from the hotels
or pissed off government employee cleaners

#GOOD NEWS

New Study / People
eat at least 80,000
plastic particles a year
Story of the week

i rise from my 5 dollar a day chez longe
my 1.50 dollar a day umbrella shade
to float on the see through sea
spitting out those same particles
washed inshore watching brown bits of sewage dirt
through the corners of my eyes

(University of Victoria Canada
who led the research
other foods such as bread
processed products
meat dairy & vegetables
may well contain
just as much plastic)

cluster into filmy layers to coagulate with algae
& mollusk on the rocks that adorn the bay
& tilting my head i look outward
to where the sun will set on a distant isle.

17.

From a hospital window

like a long dead insect
motor cycles in electric windows gleam
as if trying to get on to get off a swerve
on the hill jammed in the valley
houses stacked like egg boxes
cloud & smoke at the interstices
traffic drone pedestrians cast like shadows
at night orange electrics
hang out converging symmetries almost ephemerally

i am its inmate its identity
a dark amorphous mass
turning towards a lighted doorway
to scrawl its signature

a fictitious identity effacing present
with a replaced distance yonder
where the moment drifts
a wandering mind on a happen stance edge
like light on the sea
an ephemeral instance of memory

a dazzling illusion of tongues
stained with the dust of ages
where i walk on sand
hearing those voices fall over the horizon of this flat world
the grain of yesterday's tears vanishing in a whirlwind of dust
in multiple dusts the fumes rage print the page
we rise with hands of clay
hang the numbers out to dry a bag of tricks

18.

Wave

i could be anything
counting the days
what matter the universe
a wave
counting the days

how many breaths
to fill a space
where nobody's saved
that will bring
the next moment
on a wave
waving to a wave
counting the days
on the crest
of a mania
one moment lost
to the next
in an open grave

what matter the universe
a wave
count them all in
on Noah's
counting the days

what matter the universe
a wave
it's only in time
you count the days
on a throw
into oblivion
keep
one step
ahead of time
counting the days

19.

Great G

<<she paints on hardboard a bewilidering pattern
which only with an effort of intellect
        as in reading letters in a mirror   you recognise
a face   by virtue of an unfathomable expression
        appearing before your already fragmenting focus
        diverted now to see two asympotic eyes
        steer in asymetric disjunction
opposing directions in conflation

                                as in realism & anti realism
where the former persists in its remaining
where we but appear to disappear
or the latter
        where no fixed truth may ever accurately describe
or be said to exist
but where we vanish together with everything else
        in the mind of god   in its absolute nothingness>>

20.

Out of Africa

we will never know
the origins of the universe
nor of life
language is never
quite enough barely sufficient

i walk into the stones
their evanescent landscapes
their iconic dreams

or the dream from the photons
from your eyes
as they become
the phosphenes of the dead stars
in mine

out of Africa back to Africa

21.

Yahun

suddenly i flashback to a dangerous
rushing stream tumbling & cold
i remember the water as green white deep
a slither of a stripped tree trunk straddles
the sheer sided banks which can be crossed
by a few strides & a skip
which all in the bleak grey stone village must do
old or young strong weak or sick
nobody is in sight
the spar looks slippery shiny
bent with an undersway to the tug of the flow
a fatal slip & i'm a gonna
but i cross a few strides & a skip
i come to the first stone dwelling
ground hard & arid i pass a front dyke
to enter without a door
the burnt earthen floor room in its dim half light
i don't remember how
there's what looks like a built up
large sink made of stone & shingle
& in it half submerged

in clear cold water small white turnips
it's his only fare we stare at each other
he is tall thin gaunt with long white hair & beard
clad in a brown home spun gown & cord sandals
he goes to the sink offers me a soaked turnip
is this me in another life time
could i live this life day after day
tonight i will sleep out
i cannot stay we have not spoken a word
i eat the turnip & leave as suddenly as i came
to a memory which now hinges on a dream
as though a desert wind should move a dune
where you wake to find
what you left behind is beyond you still

22.

The Poem

a poem written on wind a poem of invisibility
the poem
a poem written on water a poem that exists as never exists
the poem
a poem written on sand a poem of oblivion
the poem
a poem never spoken a poem of nothingness the
poem
a poem never read a poem of the multitude
the poem
a poem never heard a poem of the nothingness of the multitude

the poem
a never poem a poem of word
the poem
a poem of the nothingness of the word
the poem a nothing poem a poem
never known a poem of death a
poem never seen a poem of life

a poem never touched
a poem more brilliant than dawn
a poem deeper than twilight
a poem brighter than day
a poem of a lost cause
the poem
a poem of the universe
a poem as subtle as secret
a poem darker than night

Teusday

NOW EVEN NOW

23.

Even now

now even now
it's like a ghost town now
& O the distant hills

are a more ghostly blue
than before

now even a few stray locals
come & go stranger even now

than they were before &

O the dear police cars patrol
with speakers are more ghostly too

& through my bedroom window
the gable end rock house wall
grows evermore iconic faces

than beforeeven now
as daily the days flock by
more than beforenow even now

24.

No Place Like

words at the speed of time
on precipitous edge awnings break
into kaleidoscopic space patterns
there's no place like sing along
if you are going that way

tomorrow's dawn framed no less forever unborn

on the floating horizon of memory

we find to the particular stance added
a wind written on water poem conch
encounter with preceding waves
on the shores of emergences

as sudden as nevermore beholds
ongoing to get you where it's most
but never does never can can dance
because the shiny glistens

only because of havoc under wormwood
where the predatory plunders breaches
from niches unto the become assunder
time enough for mourning clouds to rain dust
& footprints fade where words become their fossils

25.

Tilting

now the millenium tilts & tolls
beyond controle now

the power of warlords
who mount their proclamations
not to change the system

but to keep the regime to save
the world that has always been

& the plague that rages theirs to controle
that controle was never their deception

but still the millenium tilts
its wayward slide where they can topple
where righteous anger cannot be denied

that the age of controle be over

26.

Strange Fruit

strange fruit in the wet market
a vampire kiss
human blood human meat

but save the economy not the ecology
surveillance surveillance surveillance
monitor our sick brains
& bury the remains in silicon valley

like fallen Caryatids we bear own epitaphs
the hours of the street endure their empathy
with landscapes ordered from the abettoir
"*exotic wildlife threatens humans*"

cockroach traffic cockroach computers
user friendly amplify & invade
degrade habitats population growth summons
armament until hyssops burst through
the green embedded fissures of our padded cells
& the pavements crack beneath

27.

Somewhere over (coming out of a Lockdown)

Oh when the saints tread tenderly
flora & foliage are abundant so the pain
with bird song is not seen with the
lessening of in my eyes human traffic
bury me here *go marching in* & laugh
in the face of the wind & come back next year
bring me the face *somewhere over the rainbow*
when will we return? of the grateful dead
i wanna be & i will sow *skies are blue*

the flora of tomorrow will the deserts be green
again *amongst that number* as when homo erectus
trecked through them? *once in a lullaby*
what did they seek freedom? before confusion
& the babble of tongues *when the saints go marching in*

28.

Millenium

i dream of a possible millenium utopia
as i seem to see
a hearse disappear over a hill
the like the band of the ill fated in the Seventh Seal
& hear Orpheus's lyre
as his head floats downstream
    in it's song of defiance – perhaps

we are not to blame for our bondage

our confusion i do not see the world
in a grain of sand
but of us as very small in the desert
where we stumble towards its mirage oasis
as freedom within our grasp

& fall into the abyss of delusion
so i say again
let the deserts be green once more
& do not hunt the whale in the ocean.

29.

Shapes

morning lifts from night the eye
to amaze the multiplicity of shapes
made real where shadows show
at gallows height open light closed light
a shape in an instant of before
or perhaps far more where time wefts
its blaze the property of an event
made the reality of now &

memories like the shadows haze
as if to mould a day of clay
to add a little or to take away
in a moment of a world held
at play with scarcely time enough
to say goodbye before decay

30.

Approach

approach approach approach
alone in my heart
let the day sail away
i shall stay in exaltancy
the dust track leads
nowhere in twilight she disrobes
anywhere's a gradient nowhere
dawn is like this stray dog

two years ago crying somewhere
they had bulldozed afraid lost
their way through this
the local *alcalde* believed
the dust track it would improve the economy
little did he know elephants return to the wilderness
wilderness wilderness wilderness leads nowhere
in exaltancy
at great heights
at twilight
the grandeur of the boulders she disrobes
hovering upon the hillside alone in my heart
approach approach approach
will hurtle down to unfathomble
the day sails depths
now extends their itness
as we approach approach approach

Wednesday

VIRUS IN THE SLAUGHTER HOUSE

31.

Episodes

episodes however briefvirus in the slaughterhouses
obedience to the state or there is fragmentation
a world of fragmentation is not of epiphanies
but epitaphs they tell us surrounded by hegemony
that camouflages our right of way we multiply
in the expectancy to gain the wealth of the world

it is our sadness as we grow old
the fear we cannot care for each other
this is what the walk of life has led us to
misunderstanding the unknowable unknowables
the something and the nothing noths
helpless as leaves upon a tree
we struggle on in our suffering as so many millions
upon millions have done must do in silence & stoicism
remembering
lost friends & relatives without blame for we cannot enter
their minds i had had a surprising dream
about death i figured but so personal i didn't want to speak
about it to anyone in case i might make it happen
early morning mist rain thunder rolls on the blue mountains
this really is the kingdom of exile where we play with words
the silent absent words yet embedded in every action
even as we think before we speak words that tell
truth & falsehood are fragments episodes however brief

32.

GOGOGO

go go go
there's no grail in the grainy day
i'm so tired of stirring glue
one more time lady of the night
go go go i'm outta sight

power plays with psychopathy
what's left of words our pathology
i took my baby down to *MeJico*
the place you know you go go go
i'm so tired of stirring glue
& tomorrow's just another shoe
where there's no lack for being strange
where the world's already twisted & maimed
one more time lady of the night
what's gonna make it through & through
we'll all be dead at the sight of you
go go go i'm outta sight

we're pathologically psychotic
you can put it got it got it
our words blasted in the thunder
& tomorrow's rainbow's no penumbra
where psychopathy plays the one number
kick arse this world so full of shite
come on down lady of the night
go go go i'm outta of sight
i'm so tired of stirrring glue
we'll all be dead at the sight of you

holocaust plague & famine too
the map's rotting over the ruins
words turn to bones in their tombings
like waxwork effigies we melt in the blue
i'm going down to *MeJico*
you know the place you go go go
come on down lady of the night
i'm gonnna dance with you outta sight

we're on a wave that's gonna disappear
a field that eveporates in thin air
then suddenly again you're standing there
dancing with time forever there
come on down lady of the night
i'm gonna dance with you outta sight

33.

The art of deism

somewhere there's a context
but how did she get there
where did she come from
she's as silent as the grave
but drops a few hints as
the given structure is now

an abstraction

&

she has already left you
after having created you
through an abstraction
the art of deism DIY
with whatever tools are
ready to hand & beat out
        that rhythm on a drum
            je ne regrette rien

34.

you say & i say

another bunch of memories
turns up on my doorstep
          dressed in rags
            holding me to ransom
             opting for the highest bidder
i already know tomorrow

will not take flight
save the world with clay balls
nubile women in the sun
signalling a male wilderness
God is not a poet
Romeo was fourteen Juliet twelve
who wants to live forever
you say tom *a:* to & i say tom *ei* to
ring a ring of roses we all fall down
(the village was in quarantine)
i had a dream last night
we were all wearing pp masks
sitting on a bus driving through
the pearly gates & God was a poet
more like a nightmare really
you say & i say

35.

The Hidden Variable

when it's off why even bother
i'm all done it's just another
it's not on in what's come
& u can in what's well
wonder what's gone well well well
wrong a song wants to come

on but it's never to keep
not what fits bundle to heap

only a bit but got u
what u ask through & through
words must pass an alliterative stash
first & last in onomatepoeic crash
for a poem a mere backlash
to be born mush and mash
beyond the seventh wonder in zenith

come on soon the mirage cometh
in a swoon no doubt about
off's not on all's in rout
what's gone wrong we had thieved
a bitty song to be believed
starts off along i'm all done
put it away in what's come
for another day poem gone astray

it's a play come what may
the talkie talk it's off off
or blackboard chalk just as well
stork & baby but can't tell
drive me crazy in fucking hell
that's to begin off off off
can anyone say cloud into day
a poem's itness is its it?

Thursday

SO FAR UP TO NOW

36.

Missing Link Anthropocene

so far up to now
what comes after after question what comes after after answer
an intention an object of thought in word & image to a certain extent

in whatever hapless fate befalls us

in this evanescent scenario of existence
after logical preambles on proof of origins lead nowhere in particular or general
as if should we go extinct life won't go on without us

meanwhile nature in freefall all creatures great & small
we arbitrate animal life bred for daily carnage to feed our rapacious stomachs
in the name of the economy

do not begin in the begin but in the *'medias res'*
slaughter the insects the wild wandering albatross the elephants & the children too it's an age of controle freak of totalitarian double speak

uploaded into a cloud eternal information ether
we're gonna be transported into a silicon heaven
a cartoon simulation the last hope of salvation from failed Creation

grasp with final strength
at what's been left beyond the controle we can circumstantiate
on this wrecking light unfolds the millennium a *danse macabre* of marionettes

on that precipice it trembles
bound to the rock jailhouse around the clock
in the billionaire grab market racket on the vertigo edge of vortex

37.

As Empires

as our planet hurtles through (hurtles hurtles hurtles)
the aftermath of a super nova (super nova super nova super nova)

mid-stream – beyond the void faster – void faster
than entangled space – as stars go out as stars go out as stars go out
as stars go out world wide world wide
on our daily media show
we chat to each other
as if we were in the know
fine tuned to dystopia
in our quantification of atomic seconds
seconds seconds seconds seconds seconds

does anybody know – does anybody know
what we are from before - before before before
in our new normal normalcy normally normal
in our new normal normalcy normally normal
with our daily dance with death on the doorstep
with our daily dance with death on the doorstep

as sudden as a theatre's curtain falls
or calls for a change of costume (calls calls calls)
& nothing more that this isn't
the war to end all wars
at least not yet not yet not yet not yet
just the plague regularly
as empires fall regularly
regularly regularly regularly

38.

Dissonance after Mallarme

in the me hit the in the me hit the moonlight through the pines
moonlight through the pines moonlight through the pines

road jack a boat to pines on road jack a boat to pines on road jack a boat to pines on
```````````````````````road jack a boat to pines on cmon everybody
```````````````````````````````````````yes we red sails knock
yes we red sails knock yes we red sails knock yes we red sails knock
red sails in the sunset red sails in the sunset
red sails in the sunset red sails in the sunset
```````````````````````````````````````knocking on yes bye no
hit the road jack
bananas
cmon everybody cmon everybody
cmon everybody cmon on everybody
cry bye on a slow boat to china cry bye on a slow boat to china
slow china slow china slow china slow china bye bye blackbird bye bye blackbird bye bye blackbird bye bye blackbird me heaven's door me heaven's door me heaven's door me heaven's door
```````````````````````````yes we have no bananas```````````````````````yes we have no bananas yes we have no bananas
yes we have no bananas knocking moonlight knock knock
knocking knock knock knocking knock knock knocking knock knock knocking
through the blackbird on
through the blackbird on
through the blackbird on
through the blackbird on through the blackbird on through the blackbird on
heaven's door heaven's door heaven's door in the me hit the
in the me hit the in the me hit the in the me hit the
in the me hit the smoke
gets in your eyes `
smoke gets in your eyes smoke gets in your eyes smoke gets in your eyes

After the Cave the Comet

autumnal sludge trudge mush trudge mush
dear ape sweet ape good ape
O homo rapiens beautylovedeath
rhapsody in blue minor the trees
stark & bare don't care
mush trudge sludge mush trudge sludge
swing low sweet swing low sweet
coming for to coming for to
depending on where of kith of kin of kinship
dear ape beauty ape love ape
death gape in the dark void sing
beautylovedeath beautylovedeath beautylovedeath
deathbeautylove deathbeautylove deathbeautylove
& so on in a hole to fall in fall in fall in
falling falling falling
O O O dear ape
time closing the gap the long trek back
to the track the track the track
ancestor of the comet
where walls tremble back & bones stack
in the black in the black in the black
where echoes distort the answer
what stays what does not leave
in tunnels of light in tunnels of dark
that cross & intercede sculptured in the rock
the body on a rack where words crack
as sound surfaces on the surf surf surf surf surf

Before

Over my defeat only her orbit
you will bring me her heart
when from that high state of grace
you were before
you wept before his impassioned face
before what was shared what was lost
before what had taken place had taken place
& that little trick of fate
the doors that open the doors that close
the doors that wait
within that labyrinthian trap
you cannot escape your state
cast that to the winds that howl by chance
to the fields that wave upon a dance
& judge how you perform before the curtain falls
for as Blake decreed the pic axe harms not the worm
& even the stones move free so let the desert be green again

( the desert the desert the desert be green be green be green
  againagainagain be green again the desert be green again )

# Dark Sea

What can steal on the march of time
time that has passed  time that is to come
on the dark sea of matter
within & without
gravitating  gravitating  gravitating

language is barely sufficient for it
in our mortal transit
in a universe which is forever a phantom face
its unresolved visitations
touched & untouched

my cat mind  my dog mind
as different as  chalk & cheese

it calls for a comment on our mysterious cosmos
in its great indifference to us
which we inhabit rather miraculously more than
the mere mathematics of matrix & fractal

but as self regulating networks together
with the brainless networks
where we may spread our membranous wings
& harvest angels on the dark sea  within & without

# Friday

# TO DOOM OR NOT TO DOOM

42.

RIP
Nicanor Parra & Lawrence Ferlinghetti

to doom or not to doom  there's no logic to the universe
no representation of the world
only a gestalt to doom or not to doom
as when homo erectus grasps in its dark for tools
& groans with their angst
until now in our speculation of our possible extinction
owned by our children's children's children
so think no more of the *Cape Cod* of war
here we're all exiled on the same shore
lost lost lost
God really does play at dice & there is no God yet to come
the game is done & yet undone
we cannot see through each other's eyes
i cannot see through yours  you cannot see through mine
you us they them  nature is flawed
and the pest lies hidden beneath the floorboards
until there's no more our story of the world
which could go on without us
to doom or not to doom
according to the latest weather forecast
very bright for the near future
*so  make hay while the suns shines*
*gather ye rosebuds while ye may*
*ring a ring of roses we all fall down*
or rap on about the downfall of the *Bourbons*
where here they'll put you in prison for inciting terrorism
yeah put you in a cell sure as hell

* Rap Artists Valtonyc sentenced in Spain 2017 to three and a half years imprisonment but who escaped to Belgium, Pablo Hasel was not so fortunate

43.

Over the Traces

over the traces heaven & hell
hell & heaven traces so damn
flash fade far & near on
a sunny day
walking the dog
sniffing its way
tell me if you find it
some hope shock over & out
trail blazer
width of a band et al.,
can't go on will drawing comparisons
as if through analogies
like Eskimos & Pygmies
should find a common ground
pissed off with fake media
blowingup
like a balloon
'pop'
into junkadoria
sky lights paraded
as if google metopes
on the supermarket's shelves
while XR rebels glue themselves
to the railings like suffragettes
what my last words might be
& whether they'll be little black dots
in the cloud
paid for in pasta & where perhaps
they may well petrify - over the traces

44.

Tessellation

again again / return / tides / drifts / sands / footprints / forever /
nothing more / death / birth /kaleidoscope / dreams / appear / face /
tapestry / weave / windswept / cries / seagulls / voices / mosaic /

i trace a mosaic / again again / as though / return / voices of the dead /
tides / on a swarm of seagulls / sands / cries across / footprints / a
windswept sea / forever / would weave / nothing more /  a tapestry /

mosaic / of a face / as though / to appear / voices / in your dreams /
seagulls / & fragment there / cries / in a kaleidoscope / windswept /
your birth / weave / your death / fragment / nothing more / face /

but that forever / appears / your footprints / dreams / wash in the sands
of time / kaleidoscope / on the drifts / birth / of moonlit tides / death /
to return / nothing more / forever / tides / drifts / again again /

mosaic / as though / voices / seagulls / cries / windswept / weave /
tapestry / face / appear / dreams / kaleidoscope / birth / death / nothing
more / forever / footprints / sands / drifts / return / again again /

45.

Voyeur

voyeur
celebrant
what?

yesterday's
tommorrows?
elergys for

graveyards?
odes o'er
cribs

with desert
blue
left in turn

by
desert hue
night & day

carrying
a tent
until oasis

befriending
mirages
wayside

such that
we are
the world

& you
the same
instant

watch it
disintergrate
further

fringes
from
apperceptions

drop drop
dropping
into chasms

words
that tumble
& clink

onto
their
echoes

yet
voyeur
far

wherever
that
still is

listening
as waves
moan

a future
setting
them

free from
the sea
unto

horizons
disappearing
before

reach
but that
still

define
precipice
as

waiting
through
the shore

sheer
before
fall

46.

Voices

*like phantoms / eye to eye / before flames / multiple voices / photons cascade / appear & disappear / in blank incomprehension / here / where i hear / with my ear / here / no distance / between / shadow play / words / listen & listened / i see / present & absence / remembered / billions of people / under social systems / their brains / distorting echoes / over time / as we / pass / the point / of no return / here / far away / the hill / is there / but still / i can see / a place / i'd like to be / right now / & / i wish i were / a bird / in the world / i'd fly / like a / comet / there / so / i was reading / something / very interesting / when / i realised / my eyes / were closed / & when / i opened them / i'd no idea / where i'd left off / from before / except / it / had nothing to do / with what / i thought / i had / been / reading / which was better / i couldn't / believe it / i had / just lost / it all / same old shit / on the window sill / i wish / i was / a bird / & could fly / to the hill / looking at the / unthinkable crime / so late / in the day / quite an / indescribable crime / against / all time / without making / predictions / just vaporizations / about voices / i hear / there / here /*

47.

Water & Time

shortage
shotdown
shutdown

in our
short age
water & time

buy
and sell
the sky

eat drink
& be merry
for tomorrow

we buy
new oil
blue gold

POD
in the Hub
& pull the plug

dip your toes
in the flow
& watch

the money
grow
water water

everywhere
up for auction
like health care

in
competetive
water wealth

as you
float
on your back

in your
swimming pool
& stare

into
the unending
reach

of space
as if it were
a resource

in nature's
supermarket
to buy

& sell
the price
of life

drop
by drop
into

the algorithm
where we're
waiting in line

standing in
the queue
of shortage

in our
short age
water & time

48.

## Power

what is the concept of power
shaping the world
from the sweep of history
the making of me
the mind of me
which
must agree
to how
the movement of the world
the movement of our specie
the power of the word
made world
made my mind up for me
& if I say no
if I say yes to my no
it is meaningless
in the might of the power to be
such is the world's religion
so I am left
with my meaningless
yes to my no
whatsoever is in control
but no one is in control
no one will ever be in control
as long as our species perpetuates
how
in less than 200 years after
our disappearance
from the world
nature would remove
all trace of human civilisation
even the great wall of China
as a final remnant
would probably be covered
in lichen & fungi
with only the head
of the Dragon

in the sea
its back in the mountains
& its tail in the desert

# Saturday

# FRAGMENTS OF THE DAY EMBODIED

49.

A Quantification of Time

fragments of the day embodied
in its wake of forgetfulness
towards an edge

a becoming a return
an instant of the world
reaching to touch
the whole the less

a universe that unfolds me
its solitary stranger
to greet its oncoming rush

its image left in doubt
its moment a bonfire
heap of antiquity
where insects scuttle forlorn

50.

Lullaby for Tomorrow

millions paid for Stardust
a few moments sprinkled
        on the glass
warp into transmogrification

attachment shapes
our retrograde world
        all the monsters
        all the old gods
our vision of the future

which side are you on

life on the planet
far away moments
        in the tree tops
a bird of prey glides
        the cradle will rock

from where we stand
we talk about our
destination our seizure
moments sprinkled
on the glass warp
into transmogrification

51.

Grasp

grasp from bone to throat
will warble like a flute at air
music uttered with a gasp
& emptiness of hand
in the space between
what must become a fist against embedded stone clenched clasped strikes bone
tool tone pain the softly surfaced
mind to map disembodied how it
day slips beyond its grasp
at air music uttered
with what must become

a fist maps disembodied how it day
will warble like a flute the softly surfaced mind
to a gasp at emptiness against embedded stone
clenched clasped to grasp from bone
to throat hand in space between
strikes of bone tool tone & pain
like a flute's emptiness against the embedded softly surfaced mind
how it day will from bone to throat
hand in space grasp with what must become between
bone tool a fist map strikes at air
disembodied music uttered

52.

Convolutions in Collage

day marches on stilts the ground waves goodbye to tomorrow in incandescent bursts as the abyss blinks in trembling space and music flowers from pheromones a sap of words seeped in greenery whilst nothingness lingers in empathy's core together with the running order of chaos as it showers into dust clouds a shrouding abundance where *abstraction viewpoints* trickling and diaphanous evanescent landscapes

as day marches on stilts the ground waves goodbye to tomorrow and showers into dust a sap of words seeped in incandescent evanescent bursts as music flowers from pheromone clouds a shrouding abundance in landscapes where empathy's core together with abstraction viewpoints trickling and diaphanous in trembling space an *abyss blinks* in greenery whilst nothingness lingers in the running order of chaos

then showers of dust sap into evanescent waves of goodbye to tomorrow as music flowers from pheromone clouds and a day marches on stilts the ground shrouding abundance where empathy's core together words seeped in incandescent landscapes burst with abstraction viewpoints trickling and diaphanous to blink whilst *nothingness lingers* trembling space in the running order of chaos an abyss of greenery

53.

Pixel

on this pixel patch
of space
the world revolves
in a fish eye
on a painted face
pivoting
on this point of rest
on an infinitesimal
in a sea of unknowing

yellow
our salvation
our doom
goes on & off
a nebulous flux
like lights
on a Christmas tree
on a painted face

yellow

pivoting
on this point of rest
of space
on this pixel patch
life moves on
in a fish eye
the world revolves

in a fish eye
pivoting
on this point of rest
of space
on this pixel patch
life moves on
on a painted face
the world revolves
yellow

the world revolves
our salvation
our doom
life moves on
on a painted face
in a sea of unknowing
on this pixel patch
on a Christmas tree

yellow

like lights
a nebulous flux
goes on & off
on a Christmas tree
in a sea of unknowing
pivoting
on an infinitesimal

on a painted face  on this point of rest

54.

Out of Range

mauve sky  grey pine
dawn breaks  (breaks range)
        out of black
ripes  (out of black)
pale blue & green (green green green)
a multitude of the unseen (out of range range range)
        chorus in the pine (as as as)
drone of traffic
closing in (closing out of range)
the leaning day
where leaning freezes
where leaning melts (leaning leaning leaning)
        out of range
a parade
like a pageantry
a pattern of events
moves as when (as when as when as when)
the arrow's flight
        disappears (out of range)
         we sleep on air
like swifts on flight
to distant skies (skies disappear ripe out of the black)
the fragrance of dawn
        breaking with it 's (breaking breaking breaking)
mirage of green (out of of of of)
trees majestic or monstrous
their litter of dead wood
like bones (bones strewn bones bones)

strewn ruins of the dykes
a deluge of rocks
fallen to (fallen to fallen to to to)
an overgrown tomb (out of range range range)
full a dawn moon
        fades indifferently (fades)
out of day (out of range out of range out of range)

55.

Memories of  Tomorrow (part i.)

sharp windows --- crash
overlook --- surge
as a mirror --- smash
does --- pours over the glittering
of a wall's --- unmeasurable ponderance
waiting --- tearing the fabrics
otherness --- on arch
to appear --- shimmering
with its face --- devouring
of shock --- a swirl
on on --- a tidal wave
to shatter --- shards
like the glass --- cascades
risen --- to the churning tumbling roar
only to fall --- to turbulence

Memories of  Tomorrow (part ii.)

so much

--- afference & efference

a lover's
nook in
long grass
for roaming
flesh
to lay
where fields
may
wish away
bramble
crawling
creeper
that
linger in
its sway

Memories of  Tomorrow (part iii.)

depends on
how
down by
the meer
down by

the borderline wending winding in down by
the meer next to the fencing the fenced in
fencing down by the border line the meer
next to the green the fenced in fenced off
green down by the meer
by the hum and
the other side hum
next to the hum
on either side
stilly sounds
under
a grey eternity tic toc tic toc tic....

56.

Dementia deterred today

dementia deterred today
i met a man with a gun
who went where the sky face was
then shot a hole in the sky
where the face of god appeared
which dropped down dead
next to me stood a dog
we went for a walk in the wood
all the people nodded & smiled
the world went up in flame
everybody was  up in flame
next to me stood a dog
the people  i met nodded
where the face of god appeared
which dropped down
next to nobody
as the world went up in flame
today i met nobody & everybody
who shot a gun & the world smiled
we went to for a walk in the wood
 & nobody was to blame
& everybody was to blame
& nobody was the same
& everybody was the same
dementia deterred today

57.

Aviary

in this scene
i could be just a pixel
on a screen
a fractal an algorithm simulated
on a quantum computer
& replayed in the year
five thousand & something

think that all the birds in the air
were once Dinosaurs
down the footsteps of time
i walk in trees  plants  flung foliage
scattered bloom  berries  bracken
listening to their listening talk

death in life  life in death
before you came  after you're gone
we remain  nothing remains
but remaining

but isn't it true  i say
we Sapiens once trod through
forests a thousand feet high
with the wild aves
swarming as an aviary
in our flowing hair

58.

Signatura Rerum

mother milk mortal moon
pearl of my heart inscribed
though not as your oyster
entangled in our womb tomb

our spin of light & dim
right left left right earthborn
brain our entangled word
split in the pond of meaning

the myriad ramifications
resemblances & the music of the sea
reflect anti reflect gravitate our entropy
before we began in our entangled dawn

enframed in the language of things

* after Walter Benjamin

59.

Out of Play

Constantinople  Tenochtitlan  fall
in a war of the gods it was their destiny
for the gods care nothing of the mortals
& even the gods must fall
a spot a stain in the universe the soft
world spinning a trembling balance on
the wing of a flame as the candle burns down
its tip an arrow's flight where?
what comes after before and how how
does the sun go down on this pixel patch
gallows gate he's brought through to wake

to dream our affinity our presence sensed
the sensed emulation mimicked
the context is writ as the property of an event
a ghost  a goat  a god  a proffusion of
smashed acorns on the dirt road  where
hanging bowers of canopies don't take offense
at the writ served upon them  majestic
monsters discoverers across the desert's dunes
branches wafting ribbons dulcet waving arms
flowing as if a Mayday opening into the game
malignant plague roams the empty streets
crying bring out your dead  lost in translation

60.

Smoking Mirror

around around
the hills surround
surround
in bottle green
forest fir (once oaken)
ravelled wintry spaces
airs
hues of blue
hovering mists
clouds streaked
grey purple
as if
a smoking mirror
riddled riddled
in the glimmerings
of shadow secrets
will o'wisps
that on the texture
of this retina
may be a wave
a field evaporating
into nothingness
or here
on this balcony

earthbound
our presence presenced
in the mind of all things
the music of the planet
where they say - give back
give back give back give back
back  back  back

61.

What Breach

in the transition of
the moment
the rock
speaks its voice
its echo its entropy

in the flight of life
its escape
in the obsession
of  now

here in this sway of sways
stones of an ancient world
into what breach
what chasm do we fall

what reification of word
of thing is it in this
instance of now
that speaks always of end
here there wherever
in a series of hauntings

downhill here in the musk
wafting the silence in the fern
beyond the tolling of the bell

62.

Underside

a thousand green tongues
where each bespeaks each other at once
their death outlives our death
they do not fear death as we do but only us
here beneath our green sheen breathing
in what lost presence do we really stand
i want to say i have sensed your presence
but it has been taken away from me
i want to say that is my claim
as i lie in the field today where
two wide winged eagles hover high

& stand transfixed in the scene
where i ask of it why this why you
because not far away i see
the old souls of my ancestors
go over the hills
on on on out of view & i know
i can follow none of them
but i wonder if some ever found Eden
beyond our blame for where we remain
or to say let my heart run free

on the drumbeat of tomorrow

63.

Top O'Hill

tree at the top of the hill  from a rooftop
a pigeon flies off over
the drone of white noise
behind you
an ephemeral mountain glides
& i wonder with you
as the crow flies
to raise my skeleton to the skies

keys wallet mobile glasses

i leave to face
the chores of our existence
whilst you lighter than air
tree at the top of the hill
are careless
whether or not there's free will

time is the darkness
where i dream of you beneath my skin
as my blood flows back to the forest
& the wind in the leaves breathes come in